

The history

Paris should nere retract, what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuite,

Pria. *Paris* you speake
Like one be-sotted on your sweet delights,
You haue the hony still, but these the gall,
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not meerly to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beaurie brings with it,
But I would haue the soile of her faire rape,
Wip't of in honorable keeping her,
What treason were it to the ransackt queene,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliuer her possession vp
On tearmes of base compulsion? can it be,
That so degenerate a straine as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosomes?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to drawe,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestowd, or death ynfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the subiect. Then I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large spaces cannot paralell.

Hect. *Paris* and *Troilus*, you haue both said well,
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Haue glozd, but superficially, not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
Vnsit to heere *Morrall Philosophie*;
The reasons you alleadge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distempred blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
Twixt right and wrong: for pleasure and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders to the voyce
Of any true decission. Nature craues
All dues be rendred to their owners. Now
What neerer debt in all humanitie,
Then wife is to the husband? if this lawe
Of nature be corrupted through affection

of Troilus and Cresseida.

And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benumbed wills resist the same,
There is a lawe in each well-orderd nation,
To curbe those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refracturie;
If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta's* King,
As it is knowne she is, these morrall lawes
Of nature and of nations, speake alowd
To haue her back returnd: thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. *Hectors* opinion
Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keepe *Helen* still,
For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our ioynt and seuerall dignities.

Tro. Why there you touch the life of our desigae:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,
I would not wish a drop of *Trojan* bloud,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize vs,
For I presume braue *Hector* would not loose
So rich aduantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds reuennue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great *Priamus*,
I haue a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
VVill shrike amazement to their drowsie spirits,
I was aduertizd, their great generall slept,
VVhilst emulation in the armie crept:
This I presume will wake him.

Exeunt.

Enter

And